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A

HISTORY READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, Ph.D.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

PART III.

MARCH. APRIL

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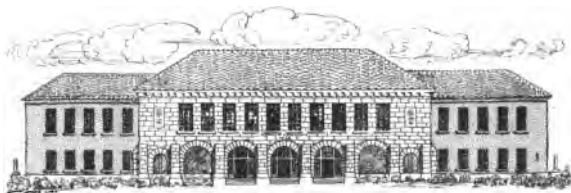
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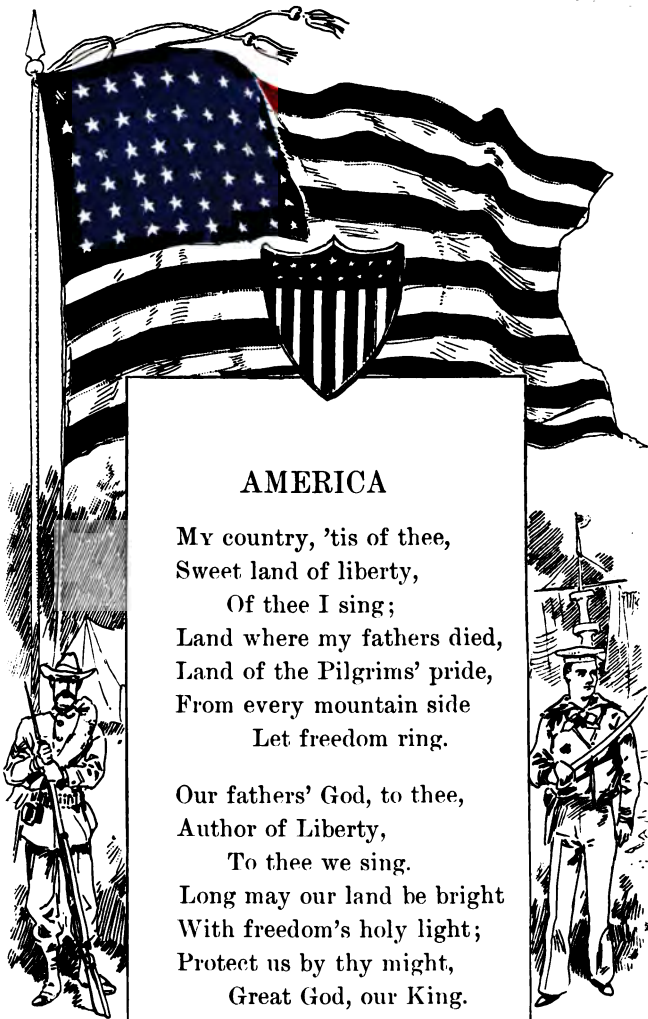
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AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

J. L. W. WILSON,
CHURCH STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS
FOR TEACHERS. PART II, READER

PART III

MARCH. APRIL

NEW YORK

TY

New York

GILMAN COMPANY

NEW YORK, LTD.

HISTORY READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

ARRANGED WITH

SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HOLIDAYS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. PART I: MANUAL
FOR TEACHERS. PART II: READER"

PART III

MARCH. APRIL

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

New York

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1898

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PREFACE

A **MANUAL** for teachers on History in the Elementary School is now in process of publication.

Until this is issued the following suggestions may be of some value to the teachers who wish to make a profitable use of the reader.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Children like best to read about things of which they already know. Therefore fill the children's minds with the central thought for the month, with other stories, and occasionally with these same stories amplified, before their own reading begins.

With colored crayons put on the board, in September, drawings of the Indians; in October, the ships of Columbus and of the Vikings; in November, the wild turkey; in May and June, the flags. Stencils of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Franklin, and the other American worthies make large graphic likenesses on the blackboard.

Prang publishes a number of inexpensive color reproductions of famous historic scenes.

More interesting than even the largest and most brilliantly colored of pictures are impromptu games

and plays based on the stories, in which the children are the happy actors.

Let the stage properties be few. And just here a hint may be sufficient; viz. children like to be trees *almost* as well as to be wild Indians!

In regard to the use of these stories for reading, I would suggest the following method as one of the many ways in which children may be taught to become fluent, intelligent readers:—

Divide the time allotted to reading into two periods as widely separated from each other as possible.

In the first of these teach all of the new words, and drill upon them thoroughly. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of this preparatory word study.

In general, the following methods will be satisfactory with second and third-year pupils:—

I. Write upon the board a new word with all the diacritical marks that may be necessary to enable the pupil to pronounce it correctly.

II. Teach the meaning of the word.

III. Proceed in the same way with several other words.

IV. Drill on the instant recognition of these words without diacritical marks.

V. Let the pupils write the words from dictation, marking the sounds and accents, and dividing it properly into syllables.

Later in the day let him read the lesson for the

sake of the thought. Do not take it for granted that no further teaching is necessary, but remember, too, that it is now the pupil's time to talk.

If he does not read well now, it is because he fails to grasp the thought. A word, a question, will often clear up the obscurity in his mind. Lead him to think, not to imitate.

It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading. Many of the short stories in this little book will lend themselves easily to this device. On this work may be based a subsequent oral and written language lesson.

Above all, do not neglect to cultivate his taste, — his literary and artistic instincts. What stanza, or what line, or what part of this did you like best? Why? are questions always in order and always interesting.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL.

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America. Samuel F. Smith *Frontispiece*

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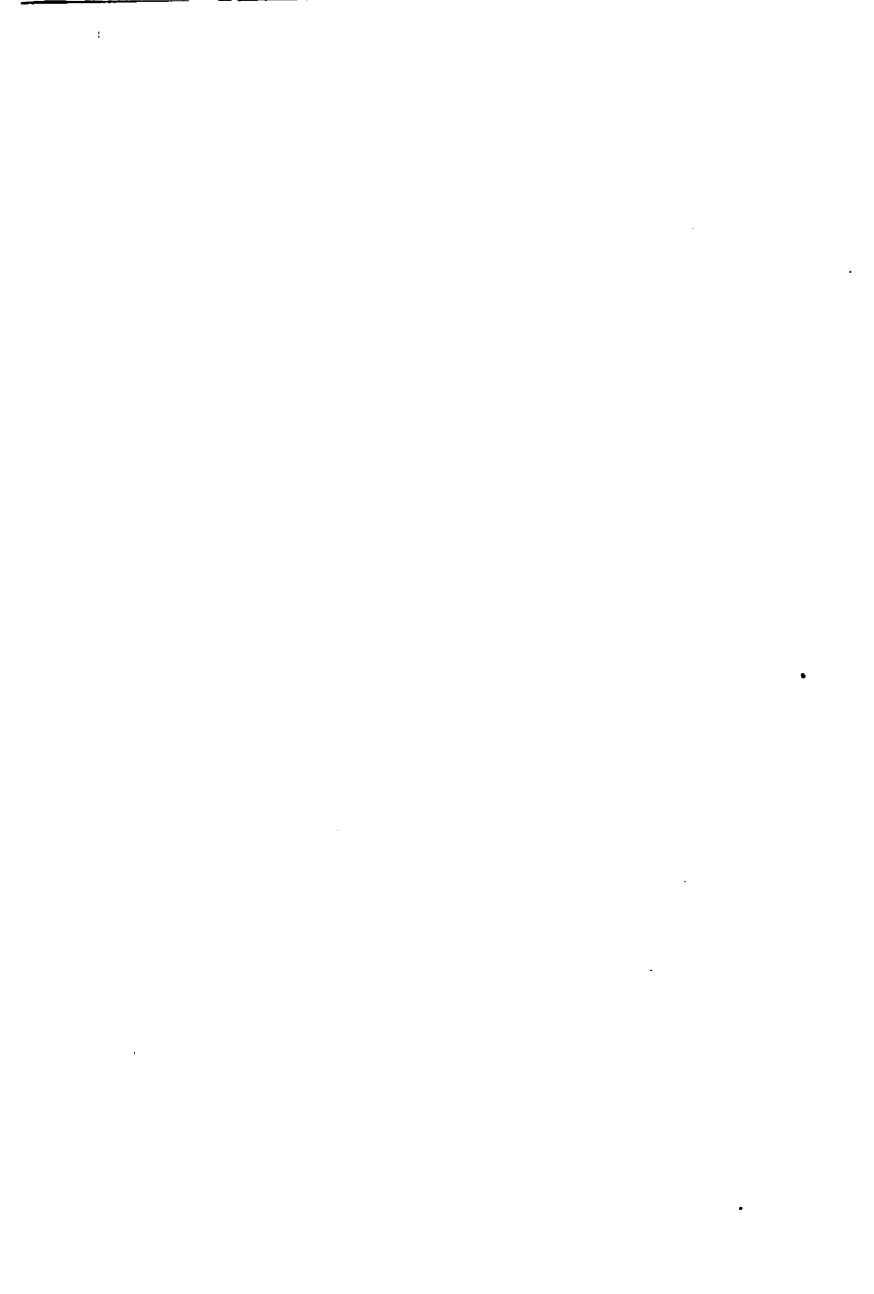
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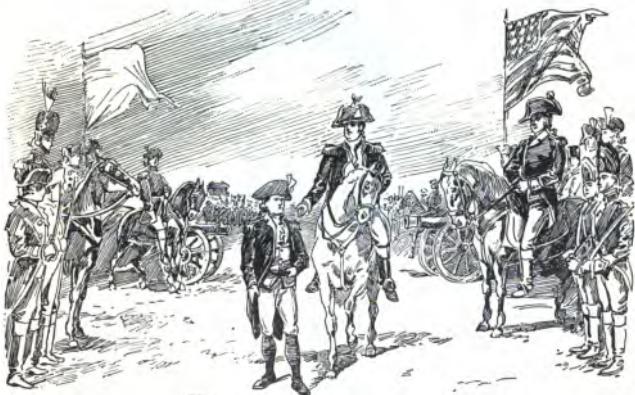
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LEXINGTON • 1775.



MARCH AND APRIL THE REVOLUTION



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS • 1781

GEORGE WASHINGTON



**“First in war; first in peace; and first in the hearts of
his countrymen.”**

THE CAUSE OF THE REVOLUTION

THE English Parliament tried to make the Americans pay a tax.

The Parliament is the body of men who make the laws in England.

The Americans said: "We are not allowed to send men to speak for us in Parliament.

"So the Parliament has no right to tax us without our consent."

But the English King and Parliament thought that the Americans had not the same rights as English people.

They put a tax on tea and sent a great ship-load of it to America.

When the ship came into Boston Harbor, what do you think some of the people did?

They went on board at night; they cut open the tea-chests.

Then they emptied the tea into the water!

That was a big tea-party, was it not?

"We will not use anything that is taxed," the people said.

For a person who bought anything that was taxed, helped to pay the tax.

You give two cents to the government when you buy a stamp for your letter.

So they would not drink any more tea.

Ladies made tea from the leaves of the sage and the sassafras.

They sipped it out of their pretty china cups, and made believe to like it.

Even in this little thing they were fighting for the right.

The gentlemen wore clothes made out of homespun cloth.

This was a coarse cloth, for the Americans had not learned yet to make fine cloth.

The Americans refused to pay taxes.



THE FIRST CONGRESS

THERE were now thirteen colonies on the coast of America.

They were ready to help each other.

There was a meeting, called a "Congress," of men from all these colonies.

It sent a letter to the King, asking him for the same freedom that the English people had.

He would not repeal the laws which took away that freedom.

So the quarrel grew very bitter.

The King sent his red-coated soldiers to America again.

But this time they were not to fight the French and Indians.

They were sent to fight the King's own people,—the English in America.

When King George sent an army to our country, it was right that we should have one to defend our homes.

So the farmers learned to use their guns.

They were ready to march any minute that they might be called.

They were called "minute men."

Their wives learned to knit stockings and to weave cloth.



THE FIGHT AT CONCORD

THE Americans had stored at Concord many things that soldiers would need.

There were bullets and powder and cannon balls.

The redcoats started from Boston in the dead of night. They went to Concord to take these things.

But a brave man, named Paul Revere, rode ahead and gave the alarm.

The minute men seized their guns.

They met the British at Lexington and drove them back.

This was the first battle of the Revolutionary War.



WASHINGTON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Now that war had really begun, there had to be a leader.

Congress remembered the brave and wise conduct of Colonel George Washington.

They made him commander-in-chief of the army.

Now he was General Washington.

The colonies gave up all hope of getting justice from the King of England.

They decided to set up a country for themselves.

FOURTH OF JULY

ON the 4th of July, 1776, Congress declared the colonies "free and independent."

This is what people mean when they talk of the "Declaration of Independence." This is the very beginning of our nation.



TRENTON

THE King of England was very angry when he heard of the bold act of the Americans.

He thought that he must put down the rebels in earnest.

He sent a large army over here.

Washington tried to keep this army out of New York.

But he was beaten, and had to retreat himself.

He marched across New Jersey. Then he crossed the Delaware River.

Here he rested awhile.

The British were chasing him.

Part of their army rested at Trenton.

These were the Hessians. They were German soldiers. The King of England had hired them to fight some battles for him.

The Hessians meant to wait at Trenton until the Delaware was frozen over. Then they could walk across and catch Washington.

They thought, too, that Trenton was a nice place to spend Christmas in.

Washington's poor soldiers were not looking for a Merry Christmas.

They were hungry and cold. Some of them were barefooted.

They were down-hearted.

Washington led his men along the river bank the night before Christmas.

It was very cold. Snow was falling.

They left tracks of blood from their bare feet on the frozen ground.

They came to a place where boats were waiting.

These boats had to be pushed across the river with poles.

The river was so full of pieces of ice that oars could not be used.

The boats crossed again and again, until all the men were on the other side.



It was three o'clock on Christmas morning when the last boat load landed.

Then Washington began his march to Trenton.

It was eight o'clock when he got there. The Hessians were still asleep. They had been eating and drinking until late in the night.

When they heard the drums of the Americans, they jumped up.

They tried to fight, but it was too late.

They had to lay down their arms and give themselves up.

Washington took nine hundred prisoners.

This was a jolly Christmas for the Americans after all!



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

THE British now sent another army against Washington, at Trenton.

At its head was Cornwallis. He had more men than Washington. They fought a battle. Night came on, and they stopped fighting until morning.

"I will catch the fox in the morning," laughed Cornwallis.

Washington was wise. He knew when to fight, and he knew when to go.

This was a time to go.

He could not cross the river, for he had not boats enough.

But he knew a road that would take him round behind the British.

He must first shut up the eyes of Cornwallis. He must pretend that he is going to stay.

So he set some of his men digging in the trenches, as if they were making earthworks.

He had his campfires brightly burning.

"I shall certainly catch the fox in the morning," laughed Cornwallis before he went to bed.

But that night Washington and his army marched out the other way.

They went north to Princeton.

They met some British soldiers going to help Cornwallis at Trenton.

Washington fought a battle with them and beat them.

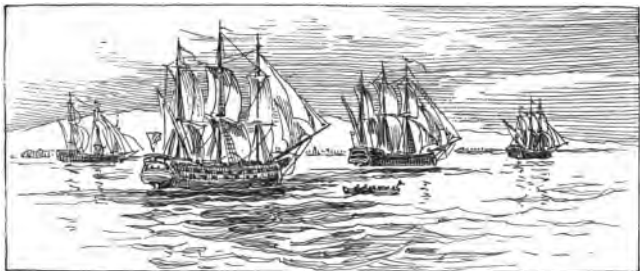
In the morning Cornwallis heard the booming of cannon. He thought it was thunder.

He rubbed his eyes so that he might see better.

For he could not believe his eyes.

The fox was gone.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE



WHEN the French fleet lay
In Massachusetts Bay
In that day,

When the British Squadron made
Its impudent parade
Of blockade,

All along and up and down
The harbor of the town,
The brave, proud town,

That had fought with all its might
Its bold, brave fight
For the right,

Chafing thus, impatient, sore,
One day along the shore
Slowly bore

A clipper schooner, worn
And rough and forlorn,
With its torn

Sails fluttering in the air.
The British sailors stare
At her there.

“Heave to!” Then sharp and short
Question and quick retort
Make British sport.

“What is that you say —
Where do I hail from, pray,
What is my cargo, eh?”

“My cargo? I’ll allow
You can hear ’em crowing now
At the bow.”

The British captain laughed
As he leaned him there abaft;
“’Tis a harmless craft,”

He cried. And a gay "Heave ahead!"
Sounded forth, and there sped
Down the red

Sunset track, unafraid,
Straight through the blockade,
This jade

Of a harmless craft,
Packed full to her draft,
Fore and aft,

With powder and shot.
One day when, red hot,
The British got

Their full share and more
Of this cargo, they swore,
With a roar,

At the trick she had played,
This bad Yankee jade
Who had run the blockade.

— *Adapted from* NORA PERRY.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

OUR war with the English king had lasted seven years.

It was a hard struggle for such a little country against such a strong one.

At last another strong country came to our aid.

The King of France sent men and ships to help the Americans finish the war.

Washington had two moves, as a chess-player would say.

He might move against the British in New York.

Or he might move against the British in Yorktown.

Yorktown is in Virginia. Cornwallis was the leader there.

Washington felt that he should like to play a little game with Cornwallis first.

But he pretended to be getting ready to fight the British in New York.

So the soldiers there got ready to fight Washington and the French.

But Washington, all at once, went south instead of north.

He went straight down to Virginia.

He surrounded Yorktown.

He built mounds of earth round it. He put cannon on these mounds.

It was too late for the British in New York to send help to Cornwallis.

The French ships sailed into Chesapeake Bay.

Cornwallis could not get out on the side of the sea, nor on the land side.

There was some very hard fighting.

One time the bullets were flying thick and fast around Washington.

One of his officers told him that it was dangerous to stand there.

"If you think so, you may step back," said Washington.

He was always cool and brave.

But he was thoughtful and kind to others.

At last Cornwallis gave up.

The British marched out. Cornwallis gave his sword to Washington. This was a sign that he would fight no more against the Americans.

The army in New York could not fight the war alone.

They sailed away, and the war was ended.

The English king had to agree that the colonies should be free.

Then Washington went back to his home on the Potomac.



QUAINT THANKSGIVING HYMN, OF 1783

THE Lord above, in tender love,
Hath saved us from our foes.
Through Washington the thing is done ;
The war is at a close.

America has won the day
Through Washington, our chief ;
Come, let us rejoice with heart and voice
And bid good bye to grief.

Let us agree, since we are free,
All needless things to shun ;
And lay aside all pomp and pride,
Like our great Washington.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

BUT now a new trouble came about.

Each state had its own government.

So there were thirteen nations instead of one.

A new government was formed which united these thirteen little nations into one large one.

There was to be a President and a Congress.

Who was to be the first President?

The people did not take long to answer this question.

They elected General George Washington.

A messenger was sent out to Mount Vernon with the news.

The General set out for New York, which was then the capital.

All the people turned out to do honor to him.

At Trenton, where he had won his Christmas present, an arch had been made.

Here young girls, dressed in white, sang and strewed flowers in his path.

The whole city of New York bade him "welcome."

He took the oath of office in the presence of a great crowd of people.

By this oath he swore to carry out the laws of the new nation.

Now he was President Washington.

After four years he was elected a second time.

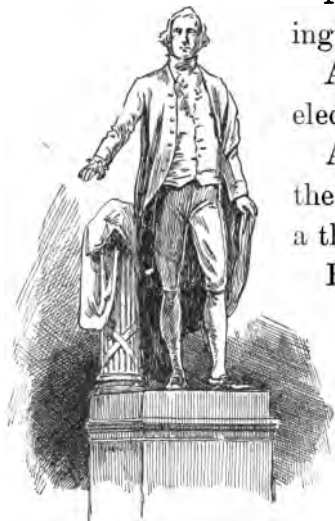
And again, after four years, the people wished to elect him a third time.

But he refused this honor.

He published a "farewell address" to the people.

Once more he went home to Mount Vernon.

Here this great and good man died in 1799.



GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOYS ON BOSTON COMMON

THE boys of long ago were as fond of skating and coasting as you are.

In 1776 the boys of Boston had a fine skating ground on the Common.

The Common is a large open place in the

middle of the city, where boys and girls may play. Here, when school was over, they could have a jolly time with their sleds and skates.

But the soldiers of General Gage did not like to see the boys enjoying themselves.

They hated the "little rebels."

So every time that the boys made a fine sliding-place, the soldiers spoiled it.

The boys thought that it was not fair to be treated in this way.

Do you think it was fair?

What was the right way for the boys to act then?

Well, this is what they did.

First, they asked the Captain to forbid his soldiers from spoiling their sports.

But all in vain.

Then they went to General Gage himself, the commander of all the soldiers in Boston.

One of the boys was spokesman for the whole party.

"Your troops, sir, have trodden down our snow hills," said he.

"They have broken the ice on our skating ground.

"We complained. They called us 'young rebels.' They told us to 'help ourselves if we could.'

"When we told the Captain of this, he laughed at us.

"So we have come to you, for we can bear it no longer."

The General was surprised.

Turning to one of his officers, he said:—

"The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe.

"You may go, my brave boys. If my troops trouble you again, they shall be punished."



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five."

It was a dark night; the moon had not yet risen.

Paul Revere and his friend were whispering softly to each other.

"I hear that the British mean to send some soldiers to-night, to Concord.

"They want to get the powder and guns that we have stored there."

"Now," said Paul Revere, "you keep a sharp look out, and

"if they march
By land or sea, from the town to-night
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light;
One if by land, and two
if by sea.
I on the opposite shore,
will be
Ready to ride and spread
the alarm
Through every Middlesex
village and farm,
For the country folk to
be up and to arm."



Then, he said "good night," and rowed silently across the river.

His friend walked through the dark and silent streets.

Up and down he wandered, and watched, and listened with eager ears.

All at once he heard a sound.

What was it ?

“The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.”

Quickly he climbed the tower of the old
North Church.

The wooden stairs creaked under his stealthy
step.

The pigeons were startled from their perches.

“Still upward he goes,
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.”

All this time Paul Revere was waiting on the
opposite shore.

All booted and spurred, he was ready to
mount and ride.

His horse was as impatient to be off as the
master.

He stamped and fretted and chafed at the bit.
His master

“watches with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
He lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !”

Then there is a hurry of hoofs !
The good steed flies like the wind.
No need for his rider to urge him.
No need for the cruel spurs in his side.
See ! On they go !
Now in the moonlight !
Now in the shadow !
The sparks fly from under his hoofs.
Now soft on the sand,
Now loud on the ledges,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

“It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town ;
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer’s dog.”

The people waken and listen to hear the
hurrying hoof-beats.

“Up ! Up ! and arm !” he cries, as he rides.

“It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.”

“Up ! Up ! and arm !”



“It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town;
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.”

“You know the rest, in the books you have read,
How the British soldiers fired and fled —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall.”

STORY OF ANOTHER RIDE

THE people in America had grown very angry with the King of England.

He treated them as if they were slaves, not free men.

"He has taken our money without our consent," they said.

"He will not give us our rights.

"He will not listen to our complaints.

"His redcoats have fired upon us.

"We can not bear this treatment any longer."

The great men from all the colonies met in Philadelphia, to see what could be done about it.

This meeting was called the Continental Congress.

They met in a large room in the old State-house in Philadelphia.

"What shall we do?" was the question that they were asking each other.

"Let us start a nation of our own," said the bolder ones.

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia was asked to write out on paper the whole matter.

So he wrote it clearly and plainly.

He told of all the hard things that the people had suffered.

He told of all the wrong things that the King had done to the people.

He said that "all men were created equal"; that the poor man had a right to be happy as well as the rich man.

He ended with these words: "These colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

This paper is called the "Declaration of Independence."

It is the very beginning of the United States.

The men in Congress who thought that this was right were going to vote "aye."

Those who thought that it was wrong were going to vote "nay."

Some very good men meant to vote "nay."

They thought that the colonies ought to obey the King in everything.

Just as a child should obey its father.

So it happened that there were almost as many on one side as the other.

All the thirteen states were at last ready to vote except little Delaware.

• The man who ought to vote for Delaware was eighty miles away.

His name was Cæsar Rodney.

A message was sent to him:—

“Come quickly, if you wish to vote for independence!”

As soon as he got this message he called out,
“Saddle the black!”

He jumped upon his horse.

He galloped north with the speed of the wind.

On he went wildly.

He drove the spurs into his horse's side. All day he rode; and all night.

“If I am only in time!” was his one thought.

“If I am only in time!”

It was the morning of the 4th of July, 1776, when at last he reached Philadelphia.

His horse, covered with foam and dust, dashed through the streets.

At Independence Hall, the long ride was over.

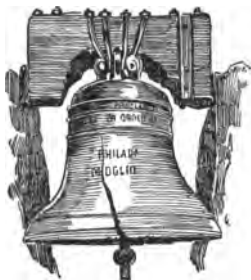
The poor, tired beast was led away.

Cæsar Rodney entered the hall.

He was just in time to answer his name in the roll call.

“I vote for independence!” he said.

THE LIBERTY BELL



HERE is an old bell that we all love.

It is silent now. It will never ring again. You see that there is a great crack in the side.

It used to hang in the steeple of the State-house in Philadelphia.

The Continental Congress met in the hall beneath.

Once it rang out clear and strong. All the people who heard it gave a great shout of joy.

This was because it told them that they were to have liberty and independence.

Yes. The men in Congress had voted "aye." The colonies were no longer little baby states. They were a young nation.

The people wished to hear the Declaration of Independence read.

So they came crowding into the Statehouse yard.

They were all eager to hear the good news.

Then one of the men came out on the steps and read in a loud voice.

When it was done, the bell in the steeple set up a mighty ringing.

And the people set up a mighty shouting.

The drums beat. The cannon boomed.

And what did all the noise and shouting mean?

It meant Liberty for them and for us.

This was the first 4th of July.

But it was not as noisy as you like to have the 4th of July.

"The great bell rang all day and almost all night," some one said.

Perhaps you may think that it got this crack at that time, from so much ringing.

No, indeed. It rung out joyfully every 4th of July for over fifty years.

In 1843, it was rung on February 22.

I need not tell you why.

But the dear old bell was done for.

It had cracked a little before this. But now the crack grew wider.

It had given its last peal.

It is a famous traveller, this old bell.

It was made in England.

It came in a big ship across the ocean to Philadelphia.

Perhaps the sea voyage did not agree with it.

At any rate, it had to be made all over again in Philadelphia.

This was in 1753. Then it was that this beautiful motto was put on it: —

“Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.”

They little dreamed, then, that that was just what the old bell would do.

In the year of the three sevens, 1777, the British troops were marching toward Philadelphia.

The people made up their minds to save their fine bell.

They took it down from the high steeple.

They put it on a cart and carried it away.

They were afraid that the British soldiers would make cannon out of it.

When the redcoats had been driven away, the old bell was carried back to Philadelphia.

Not many years ago, it took a very long journey indeed.

It travelled from Philadelphia to Chicago to the World's Fair.

How many hundreds of miles is that, do you know?

For a poor old bell, this was a long way.



THE BALLAD OF VALLEY FORGE

“TELL me a story, Gran'ther;
Not that of Riding Hood,
Nor how the robins buried
The children in the wood.

“But how you fought the Indians
So many years ago,
Or Valley Forge in winter
And all about the snow.”

THE MARCH TO VALLEY FORGE

“In the fall of seventy-seven,
My little Abner, hear,
In the middle of November,
Of that unhappy year,

“I marched with Morgan’s Rifles,
A corps of gallant men,
To join our wretched army
In the Quaker State of Penn.

“The General called a council
To meet him in his tent
And choose our winter quarters,
And all the generals went.

“But Washington decided,
When all had spoken round,
That Valley Forge, in Chester,
Should be our winter ground.

“We pushed ahead till nightfall
Closed round our struggling lines,
Then halted in the shelter
Of a rugged belt of pines.

“ ’Twas bitter, bitter, Abner,
On the frozen ground to lie,
No pillow but a knapsack,
No blanket but the sky !

“ We took the road at daybreak
In the blinding snow and wind,
The wounded went in wagons ;
We left the dead behind.

“ You might have tracked us, Abner,
By the trail of blood we shed.
We bled at every footstep ;
The snow for miles was red !

“ On the seventeenth of December,
(The day was still and bright,)
We crossed the swollen Schuylkill
With Valley Forge in sight.

“ We pitched our tents by the river,
In a room along the street,
Built fires and cooked our dinners,
And dressed our bleeding feet.”

THE CAMP AT VALLEY FORGE

“The general planned our village,
The streets were east and west.
We dug the snow in trenches,
A dozen men abreast.



“Our huts were built by Christmas,
Rough logs, a slab the door ;
The cracks with clay were plastered,
The frozen ground the floor.

“ Well, there we were all winter,
Ten thousand men, or more,
Oh, how can I remember,
Or speak of what we bore ! ”

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON'S CLOAK

“ I had a burning fever,
I had a freezing chill,
I dreamed of killing Indians,
I dreamed of Bunker Hill.

“ One night when I was better
The guard was ordered out
In front of Varnum's quarters,
Before the Star Redoubt.

“ I thought I heard them call me,
It was my turn to go ;
So I snatched a hat and musket,
And hobbled through the snow.

“ Along the roaring river,
Beyond the narrow ford,
Till near the outer picket —
When all at once I heard

“The General’s voice — I harkened,
And through the darkness broke
His tall commanding figure,
Wrapt in a martial cloak.

“‘Good evening, Nathan Baldwin,
I am glad to see you out.’
‘It is my’night on guard, sir,
Before the Star Redoubt.

“‘I’ll do my duty, General.’
What did the General say?
He threw his cloak about me
And slowly walked away.

“‘God bless you, sir,’ I shouted,
And as I strode along
I laughed and cried together,
And hummed a battle song.”

LITTLE ABNER AT VALLEY FORGE

The outside latch was lifted,
A draft blew in the room,
They heard one calling, “Mother!”
And “Abner, fetch a broom.”

The dog barked — Abner giggled —
But Gran'ther shook his head —
Now Mother brought the candles
And the table soon was spread

With the dishes on the dresser,
And the loaf of wheat and rye,
The baked beans from the oven,
And a royal pumpkin pie.

“Draw up, we're ready, Reuben.
But where did Abner go?”
With Gran'ther's crutch for a musket,
He was marching sad and slow,
Freezing in thought at midnight,
At Valley Forge in the snow.

— *Adapted from R. H. STODDARD.*

MARION'S MEN

THERE were two brave men who fought the British in the South.

One was General Sumter. He was called the “Game Cock.”

The other was General Marion. He was called the “Swamp Fox.”

Marion gave the British a great deal of trouble.

Only for him they could have taken South Carolina.

They sent a great army there to take him and his men.

But they could not catch him!

He would hide in the dark woods.



SUMTER

Then he would come out when they did not expect him.

When the battle was over he would go back to the woods again.

The British called him the Swamp Fox.

His soldiers were fond of him.

They were ready to die rather than give in to the British.

But they had a hard time of it.

They slept on the ground without blankets.

They had nothing to eat but potatoes and hominy.

They were just a few brave men. There were not enough of them to be called an army.

They had nothing but old-fashioned, worn-out guns with which to fight the British.

When they wanted swords, they took the long saws out of the saw-mill.

The blacksmith cut these into pieces.

Then he hammered these pieces into swords.

When they wanted bullets, they melted their pewter mugs and plates.

One time Marion tried to take a British fort.

This fort was built on top of a little mound.

Marion put his men around the fort so that the soldiers could not go out to get water. But the men in the fort dug a well.

Marion made up his mind that he would have to try some other way.

He sent his men to the woods to cut logs.

They cut a great many. They laid some of them on the ground.



MARION

Then they laid others on top of them, cross-wise.

So they laid a great many rows on top of each other.

All night they worked, building up these logs.



In the morning there was a high tower.

On the top of it were Marion's men.

Now they could fire down into the fort.

The British soldiers saw that it was of no use to hold out any longer.

They were taken prisoners.

SERGEANT JASPER

ONE of the bravest of Marion's men was Sergeant Jasper.

Here is one of his bold deeds : —

The Americans were building a fort to keep Charleston safe.

You know that Charleston is on the seacoast in South Carolina.

The people were afraid that British ships would come and take the city.

Sure enough, before the fort was finished the ships came.

They began to fire upon the fort.

But the fort was built of palmetto wood.

A great deal of this grows in South Carolina.

It is a soft wood, but tough.

The cannon balls sunk into the soft, spongy wood. But they did not do much harm to the men inside the fort.

One of these balls broke the flagstaff. The flag fell to the earth outside of the fort.

Sergeant Jasper jumped down from the wall of the fort.

He picked up the flag.

The balls were falling around him like hailstones.

He fastened the flag on the staff and hoisted it once more.

This was a brave act.

General Moultrie, the commander of the fort, was proud of his brave sergeant.

He gave his own sword to Sergeant Jasper.

This brave man was afterwards killed in battle.



SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few, but tried and true,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

We have no fort but dark green woods,
Our tent's a shady tree —
We know the forest 'round us
As sailors know the sea.

'Tis life to ride the fiery horse
Across the moonlight plain,
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp,
A moment and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

—Adapted from WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ETHAN ALLEN

ETHAN Allen was a "Green Mountain" boy. He lived in the backwoods of Vermont.

You know that this state is called the "Green Mountain State."

He was as tall as a giant. He was strong and brave.

He got a little company of men together, as brave as himself.



"Let us strike a blow for our country," he said.

"Lead the way! We will follow you," said the Green Mountain Boys.

So he led them to Lake Champlain.

This is between Vermont and New York.

On the shore of this lake the British had a fort.

It was called Fort Ticonderoga.

It was night when the Green Mountain Boys got to the fort.

The soldiers inside the fort were asleep. Everything was quiet. The water of the lake broke upon the shore in little waves.

The sentinel was walking up and down, with his gun upon his shoulder.

He did not dream of what was going to happen.

All at once the Green Mountain Boys rushed upon him.

They entered the fort.

Ethan Allen rushed ahead. He ran into the room where the commander of the fort was asleep in bed.

The officer opened his eyes.

He must have been surprised to see this young giant standing there.

Maybe he was a little frightened.

"I call upon you to give up this fort," cried Ethan Allen.

"In whose name?" asked the officer.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Ethan Allen.

It was a fine thing for the Americans to get this fort.

They got a great deal of gunpowder, too. This they wanted very much.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

WHENEVER there was a brave man needed for some bold deed, Washington was likely to call on Anthony Wayne.

He was so full of courage that the people called him "Mad Anthony Wayne."

But he was wise and prudent, too.

The Indians called him "The Chief who never Sleeps" and "The Black Snake."

Once the British held the top of a steep, stony hill on the Hudson River.



It was called "Stony Point."

"Mad Anthony" made up his mind to drive them away.

His soldiers fixed their bayonets. There was no powder in their guns.

They charged up the hill. "Mad Anthony" was at their head.

It is not easy to climb up a steep hill at any time.

It must be very much harder when some one at the top is firing a gun at you.

A great many of these brave fellows never reached the top of that hill.

But those who did get to the top gave the British a good trouncing.

The British had to go away and leave the fort to the Americans.

The people of Pennsylvania were very proud of Anthony Wayne.

They tell many stories of him yet in Waynesborough.

They say that when he was a boy he was playing soldier all the time.

He drilled and marched the other boys.

He made forts in the snow.

His cannon balls were frozen snowballs.

But all boys are fond of this sort of play.

We are very glad that all these boys do not have to fire cannon balls when they grow up.

We should be thankful that we live in a time of peace.

War makes people miserable and unhappy.

The poor men are killed or badly wounded.

The women at home are crying for their husbands and fathers.

Some brave women leave their homes and go to nurse the wounded soldiers.

But it is a sad time for all.

One night General Wayne and his soldiers had their camp near Waynesborough.

The General had promised to visit his wife and little ones in the evening.

But the evening passed, and he did not come.

The poor lady was very uneasy.

She was afraid something had happened.

Sure enough, something had happened.

A man came running past the house. He was out of breath.

He called out, "The British came on us in the dark.

"There were two of them to one of us. It was of no use to stand up against so many, so I ran away."

This man was a coward. You may be sure that "Mad Anthony" would never have run away.

Mrs. Wayne was very sad. She was afraid that her husband might be killed or taken prisoner.

In a little while the sound of horses' hoofs was heard.

The British soldiers came up. They placed themselves around the house. They did not want any one in the house to escape.

They said that they were looking for General Wayne.

They searched every room in the house. They looked in the closets and under the beds.

They ought to have known better, for "Mad Anthony" was not the sort of a man to hide under a bed.

But Mrs. Wayne let them do what they would.

She was too happy to learn that her husband had not been killed nor taken prisoner.

NATHAN HALE

HERE is the story of another hero.

His name was Nathan Hale.

I hope that when you read the story of this young patriot, you will love him. He has not been loved and praised enough.

In 1776 Washington and his soldiers were almost hopeless.

They had been forced to leave New York. They were at Harlem Heights, near by.

Many of the soldiers were sick. Others were half starved.

There was no money to pay them. Winter was coming, and there were no blankets nor warm clothing.

But the British soldiers were well cared for.

They were crowing over the victories they had won. "We will soon crush these rebels," they were saying.

They meant to go into New York and live there all winter.



If Washington could find out the plans of the British, he might defeat them.

So he said, "I must have some one to go into the British camp in disguise, and find out all their plans. Who will offer to do this?"

The officers looked at one another. No one was willing to undertake this dangerous errand.

For it meant that he must become a spy!

Every one scorns a spy. If the spy is caught, he is put to death in a shameful way—he is hanged. To shoot him would be too glorious a death for a spy.

But here was something that had to be done for the country. Who will risk this shameful death?

The men who heard the question were brave men. Every one would gladly die on the battlefield for his country.

"And perhaps I may become famous like Washington," each one thought in his heart.

"But there is no fame for a spy. Nothing but the gallows if he is caught."

All were silent.

Once more the question is asked. "Who will offer to do this for his country?"

Suddenly a young officer entered the room.

He was very pale. He had been sick for a long time.

"I will undertake it," he said.

It was Captain Nathan Hale.

Everybody was astonished. They all loved and admired him.

His friends tried to persuade him to change his mind.

He answered, "I know the danger of this errand. But it is a duty that some one must do. I wish to be useful.

"Every kind of service for the good of one's country is honorable, if it is necessary."

These are patriotic words.

He was only twenty-one years old.

He was going to give up all his hopes of fame and glory. He was going to give up his very life, perhaps, for his country.

He was a handsome young man. He was tall and broad-chested.

His hair was soft and light brown in color. His blue eyes beamed with kindness.

He was quick to lend a helping hand to anything in distress. Every one loved him.

Nathan Hale got ready for his errand.

He took off his soldier's uniform. He put

on a brown cloth suit and a broad-brimmed hat.

He went into the British lines.

He pretended to be a schoolmaster, who was looking for a situation.

He pretended that he hated the "rebels," as the Americans were called. He talked and laughed, and made jokes with the soldiers.

"He's a good sort of fellow, that Yankee school-teacher," said they.

All the time he was finding out their secrets.

When they were not looking, he made drawings of their forts.

He wrote down notes of their plans in Latin, so that the British soldiers could not read them.

They thought it was very natural for a schoolmaster to be writing in Latin.

He wore shoes with loose inner soles. He hid these papers between the soles.

At last he started back to the American camp. He was feeling quite happy. His errand was almost done.

No one had suspected him.

He had walked many miles away from the British camp.

He was going to Norwalk on the Hudson River. Here, in the morning, a boat was to come for him.

He made up his mind to get his supper in the little inn, and to sleep there all night.

He went into the inn. There was a number of persons in the room.

One of the men looked at him sharply. Very soon this man left the room.

Nathan Hale thought, "It seems to me that I have seen that man before."

At daybreak he was up. He ran down to the shore to look for the boat.

To his joy he saw it coming!

At last his work was over. These were his friends. How glad they would be to find him safe and sound!

But as it came near, he saw that the men in the boat were British sailors.

He tried to run. A voice called, "Surrender or die!"

Six muskets were pointed at him.

He was taken prisoner, and carried in the little boat to the big British ship in the river.

He was searched. The papers were found in his boots.

They took him to New York. They brought him to General Howe, the British commander.

He did not deny that he was a spy.

He said that he was sorry that he had not served his country better.

He was sentenced to be hanged the next morning at daybreak.

The British were very cruel to him.

He asked for a Bible. They would not let him have one.

He wrote letters saying "good by" to his mother and sister. They tore them up before his eyes.

It was a beautiful September morning.

The young hero was taken to a farm near New York.

He was placed under a large apple tree.

One of the strong limbs of this tree was to be the gallows.

Even at that early hour men and women had come to see the sad sight.

The women wept and sobbed.

But the patriot was calm.

Looking around upon the people, he said : —

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country !"

The brutal British officer called out : —
“Swing the rebel off !”
And so ended the life of this hero spy.



NATHAN HALE

THE breezes went steadily
Through the tall pines,
Saying oh ! hush !
Quickly stole by
A bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush.

“Keep still,” said the thrush
As she nestled her young
In a nest by the road ;
“For the tyrants are near,
And with them appear
What brings us no good.”

The cool shades of night
Were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat,
The noble one sprang
From his dark lurking-place
To make his retreat.

He warily trod
On the dry, rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood,
And silently gained
His rude boat on the shore
As she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp
On that dark dreary night
Had a murderous will ;
They caught him and bore him
Afar from the shore
To a hut on the hill.

An ominous owl,
With his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by,
"The tyrant's proud minions
Most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die."

They took him and bound him
And bore him away
Down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings
In royal array
His cause did deride.

Five minutes were given,
Short moments, no more,
For him to repent.
He prayed for his mother,
He asked not another ;
To Heaven he went.

Thou pale king of terrors,
Thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave;
Fell tyrants, to you,
Their allegiance they owe;
No fears for the brave.

— *Old Song.*



BENEDICT ARNOLD

HERE is a story of a man who began by being a hero, and ended by being a traitor.

Benedict Arnold was a brave soldier. He helped to win the glorious victory of Saratoga.

In this battle he was wounded in the leg, and his horse was shot under him.

For this brave conduct he ought to have been promoted by Congress.

But he was neglected.

Other men were placed ahead of him.

He was very angry at being slighted in this way.

Washington, too, was sorry for this, for he was a friend of Arnold.

He wrote a letter to Congress about it. "There is not a better officer in the army," he said.

After this the wrong was righted, and Arnold was made a Major-General.

He was given charge of the soldiers in Philadelphia.

But he still felt sore over the way in which Congress had treated him.

He made friends with the people who did not love the young country.

He spent a great deal of money.

He could not pay his debts.

Congress found fault with him.

Now his story begins to be a very sad one. From this time Benedict Arnold begins to be a traitor.

He thought, perhaps, "These people are ready enough to blame me, they are not so ready to praise me."

He brooded over his wrongs until he felt himself a very ill-used man.

He began to wish very much to hurt the people who had hurt him. He wished to strike a hard blow at this Congress which had slighted him and blamed him.

He stored up in his heart wicked thoughts of jealousy and revenge.

"How could he best strike this blow?" he asked himself.

"You are a good soldier. Fight *against* this people, not *for* them!" was the answer that came into his heart.

And so he made up his mind to be one of the King's soldiers, and to fight against Washington and the rest of the rebels. Think of it!

But this was not all that he meant to do.

He asked Washington to put him in command at West Point.

This is a strong fort on the Hudson River.

Arnold meant to give up this fort to the British, with all its soldiers and its guns.

Washington believed and trusted him. He thought him a brave soldier and a good patriot.

How could Arnold bear so to deceive Washington!

But he had so long cherished wicked thoughts that all the kind and good feelings were dead.

After he was put in charge of West Point he wrote a letter to the British general in New York.

This was Sir Henry Clinton.

Arnold told him in this letter that he wished to join the British army, and that he would put West Point into the hands of the King's soldiers.

When Sir Henry Clinton received this letter, he sent a young officer to talk to Benedict Arnold about it.

This young man was called John André.

He was handsome and brave; everybody loved him.

He was fond of company.

He liked to laugh and talk with the ladies.

He could sing and write poetry.

He could draw pictures and play on musical instruments.

It was hard to believe that he could be a good soldier too.

But when the time came he showed himself fearless as any old soldier.

He went to West Point and met Arnold in the woods at night.

They talked all night. When daylight came, André wished to go back to New York.

He had come in a boat called the *Vulture*, but it had gone down the river a little distance.

So Major André had to ride back to New York on horseback.

To do this he would have to pass through the American lines.

The soldiers would know by his uniform that he was a British officer.

He took off his soldier's clothes, and put on a plain suit.

The papers on which Arnold had written his plan for giving up the fort must be hidden away carefully.

André pulled off his stocking and slipped them in the sole.

He changed his name, too. He called himself "Mr. John Anderson."

Arnold gave him a pass to show to any one who might stop him.

"Pass Mr. John Anderson through the lines.

"Benedict Arnold."

André now started to New York. To all the sentinels who stopped him he showed his pass.

"All right! Pass on!" they said.

He had nearly reached New York. All was going well.



"Soon the British will be in West Point. The war will be over.

"The Americans will be beaten. No independence for them."

All at once his thoughts were broken in upon.

Three young men suddenly jumped into the middle of the road, and pointed their pistols at him.

They asked him who he was and where he was going.

One wore a British soldier's coat.

He thought that they were friends of the British.

"Do not detain me," he said. I am a British officer, and I must hurry to New York."

"Well, we are Americans, and you are our prisoner!" said they.

Poor André!

They searched his pockets. They made him take off his boots. Then they found the papers.

"He is a spy!" they shouted.

They marched him to the American headquarters and gave him up a prisoner.

The next morning Benedict Arnold was expecting General Washington to breakfast with him.

Every moment the guest was expected.

A letter was brought in by a messenger. It told Arnold that André was caught, and all would soon be found out.

You may be sure that he did not wait to see Washington.

He kissed his wife and baby good by.

He sprang upon his horse and galloped away.

He reached the British lines in safety.

When Washington came in to breakfast he was told that Arnold had fled.

"Whom can we trust?" he said, and covering his face with his hands, he wept.

Benedict Arnold felt in after years a great deal of sorrow for what he had done.

Before his death he had his old uniform brought to him.

"Let me die in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other," he said.

I can hardly bear to tell you what was done with John André.

He was tried by a court martial.

This is a court of soldiers, instead of a judge and jury.

They declared him to be a spy. They sentenced him to be hanged.

Poor young André was not afraid of death. But he asked them to shoot him like a soldier, not hang him like a villain.

But the court would not change the sentence.



ANDRÉ'S LAST REQUEST

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow.
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now.

I can die with a lip unstirred,
And a quiet heart.
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look,
My sister's kiss.
I can think of love — yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win.
All but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live,
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By all my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death.

— NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

STORY OF ELIZABETH ZANE

THERE was once a brave girl named Elizabeth Zane. She did something of which a brave man might be proud.

This is the story.

She lived in a little village called Wheeling, on the banks of the Ohio River.

This was a new country then. There were not many white people living in it.

The Indians hated these newcomers.

Whenever they caught a white man they scalped him.

And when a white man caught an Indian, he killed him.

In the village of Wheeling the white people had built a log fort.

It was something like the old block-houses that you have read about.

Around the fort was a stockade.

This is a fence made by setting posts in the ground close together.

Whenever the Indians attacked the village, all the people ran into the fort for safety.

In 1777 these Indians were helping the British against the Americans.

A party of them came to take Fort Henry, as it was called.

All the people went into the fort, and the gates were shut.

The men inside now fired out through the logs on the Indians.

They were all good shots. For these men were hunters.

Then the head man sent out fourteen of the men to drive the Indians away.

But the Indians were so many that the whites were nearly all killed.

Then some more men went out of the fort, but they were all killed.

Then the Indians went a little way off to rest.

Then there were only twelve men left in the fort.

And the powder was nearly all gone.

There was a keg of powder in a house a little distance away.

If they only had that keg of powder, they might still hold the fort.

But who would go for it?

Any one who went outside of the fort would surely be fired at by the Indians.

Two or three of the young men offered to go.

The head man said, "We can only spare one of you. Settle it among yourselves which it shall be."

Then spoke out Elizabeth Zane.

"Let me go for the powder."

But every one said, "No ; we would not let a girl go on such a dangerous errand."

Her friends begged her with tears not to think of doing it.

But she had made up her mind to go for the powder.

"We cannot spare one man," she said. "I am only a girl, and will not be missed."

At last she had her own way.

They opened the gate of the fort a little bit, and she ran out.

The Indians saw her come out.

They did not shoot. Maybe they thought that it was not worth while to shoot a girl.

She reached the house. She poured the powder into her apron.

Then she started to run back to the fort.

But now the Indians seemed all at once to know what she had gone for.

They gave a wild yell. They fired their guns at her.

But none of the bullets hit her.

Faster than ever she ran.

She got through the gate just as another shower of bullets came from the Indians.

Now the Indians tried to break in the door.

This was their plan : —

They found a hollow maple log.

They plugged up one end of it.

They made a cannon.

They got iron chains from a blacksmith's shop in the village.

These they tied around the log.

Then they filled the hollow with gunpowder. They rammed stones and bits of broken iron into it until it was full.

They pushed this strange cannon nearly to the door of the fort.

Then they set a fire to it.

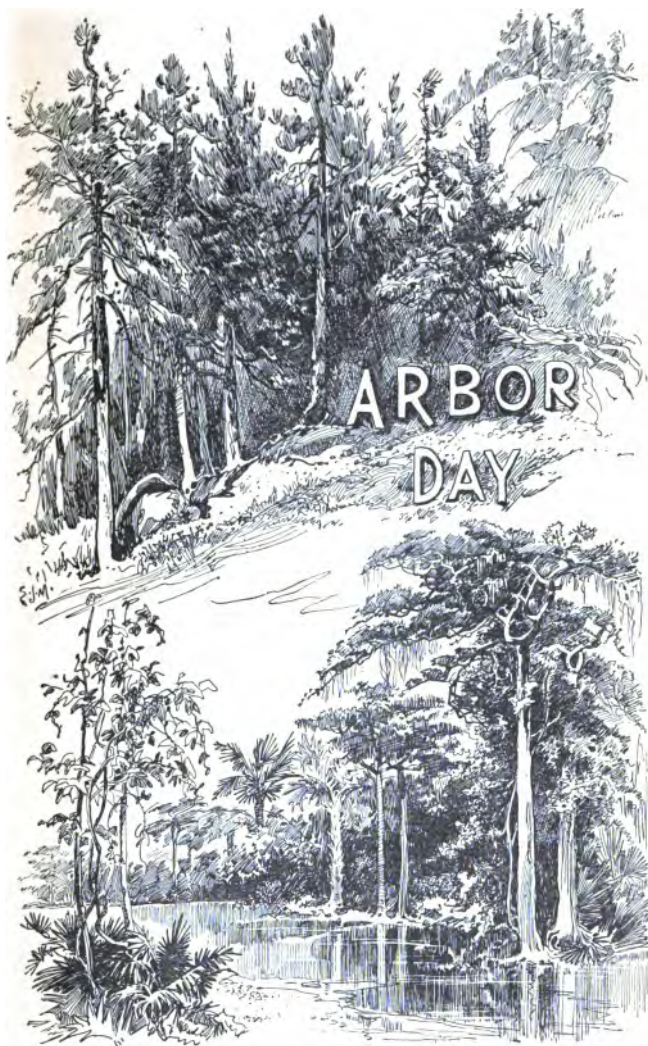
There was a loud noise !

There was a horrible yell !

The old log had burst. It had killed many Indians. It had not hurt the fort.

After a while some soldiers from another place came to the help of the people in the fort.

But it was Elizabeth Zane who had saved the fort.



THE TREE

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree ?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, and knee.
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we do when we plant the tree ?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors.
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be.
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree ?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag.
We plant the staff for our country's flag.
We plant the shade from the hot sun free.
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— HENRY ABBEY.

ARBOR DAY

WHEN the white people first came to this country, the trees were so plentiful that they were in the way.

Almost the first thing that each new group of settlers did was to make a "clearing." They did this by cutting down some trees.

Out of these they then built their log cabins.

The trees were thus very useful to them.

Indeed, they were so useful that the settlers went on cutting them down, without much thought.

Still there were plenty left.

Perhaps you may remember the way that the Indians fought.

There must have been a great many trees in the time of the Revolution.

Farther west, in the time of Daniel Boone, and later, in the boyhood of Lincoln, trees were even in the way.

But now how is it?

Are there many trees in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or in Chicago or St. Louis, or San Francisco?

Are not even our lovely mountain sides almost bare of trees?

Is this because we are trying to get rid of the trees?

Surely not, for the living trees are very good to us.

They give us shade.

They give us purer air.

They bring the rain.

They break the force of storms.

No; it is not because we want to get rid of the living trees.

It is because we can sell the trees for lumber, for fuel, for paper pulp.

And because we get money for the dead trees we sometimes forget the greater good which we receive from the living trees.

Did you ever hear of killing two birds with one stone?

Well, we can do that with the trees.

We can use all the old trees that we need.

But we must plant new trees in their places.

Our wise country knows this.

And so she asks even the little children to join her in planting trees on ARBOR DAY.

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree

Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope,
Leaves unfold unto horizons free.

So man's life must climb

From the clods of time

Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,

What the glory of the boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree

Plants a joy;

Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality.

Beautiful and strong,

To whose shelter throng

Creatures blithe with song.

If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,

Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

— *Adapted from* LUCY LARCOM.

THE LIBERTY TREES



TEN years before the Revolution began, the people met under certain trees to talk about their troubles.

These trees were called "Liberty Trees."

Sometimes a small red cap was placed on top. This was done so that every one might know that the tree stood for liberty.

There was a magnificent elm on Boston Common called the "Liberty Elm."

Under it were held some of the meetings against the Stamp Act.

On its branches they hung effigies of the royal governor. Four months later, he read his resignation under the same tree.

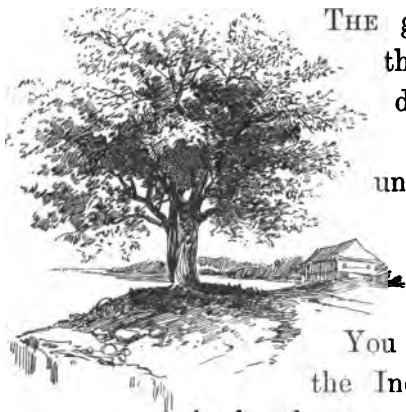
But finally the British soldiers cut it down and burned it for fuel.

In South Carolina the Declaration of Independence was read under a Liberty Oak.

This tree, too, was soon after cut down and burned by the British.



OTHER FAMOUS TREES



THE great Treaty Elm on the Delaware was blown down many years ago.

This was the tree under whose branches Penn made that famous peace treaty with the Indians.

You remember that neither the Indians nor Penn ever broke the treaty.

“The elm, in all its branches green,
Is fairest of all God’s stately trees.”



Under this tree, in 1775, Washington took command of the Continental army.

It is still alive. It still tells its long story to all wise little boys and girls who listen hard as the wind blows softly through its branches.



“The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees.”

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

SAID Hiawatha : —

“Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree !
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree !
Lay aside your white skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.”

And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying with a sigh of patience :
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"



"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me."
 Through the summit of the Cedar
 Went a sound—a cry of horror,
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha."

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!

My canoe to bind together."

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its
tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of
sorrow,

"Take them all, O Hiawatha."

"Give me of
your balm,
O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and
your resin,

So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter
And the river may not enter."
And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Answered wailing, answered weep-
ing,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha."

Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,



And the forest's life was in it.
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

— *Adapted from* LONGFELLOW.

SOME STORIES OF BRAVE SEA- CAPTAINS



OUR FIRST SAILORS

WE did not have any big ships to fight England with in the Revolution.

England was very hard to beat at sea. She was called the "Mistress of the Sea."

Even countries as great as herself could not whip her seamen nor take her ships.

A young country like the United States had to have a great deal of pluck to try it.

But the people here were not afraid of England; and they were not afraid of the sea.

Most of the people then lived on the seacoast, as you know.

They travelled by water. They carried their goods from one place to another by water.

Some one said of them that they were a "web-footed people."

Do you know what this means?

If we did not have big war-ships, we had little ships that did good service.

Daring American captains put to sea in them. They fought the British merchant ships.

They took kegs of gunpowder from the British ships for the Americans to use in the war.

One time they got ten thousand suits of clothes from a British ship.

These were meant for the British soldiers here. But ten thousand brave American soldiers were kept warm in them that winter.



CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES



CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES
was a great man of this
time.

He was a Scotchman.
He was not obliged to
fight our battles.

But he was fond of
liberty. He was willing
to help any people to
get this precious thing.

One time he ran across a great
English war-ship. This was near the coast of
Scotland.

The big English ship was called the *Serapis*.

Paul Jones' little ship was called the *Bonhomme Richard*.

This means Goodman Richard. It was a good fighter, at any rate.

The battle lasted a long time.

At first, it was like two men sparring.

One tries to get a blow in. The other dodges. Then the second gives a blow. Perhaps the first man does not dodge in time. He is hit.

The big ship seemed to be getting the better of the sturdy little one. The little one was getting hit too often.

Then John Paul Jones took thick ropes. He lashed the two ships together.

Now it was as if the two men were locked close in each other's arms.

One man has the other's head under his arm. He is punching him.

So the *Bonhomme Richard* came to close quarters with the *Serapis*.

It was too much for the big fighter. The *Serapis* gave up.

But the brave little *Bonhomme Richard* was so cut up that she sank to the bottom.

John Paul Jones took all his men on board the *Serapis*.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

ANOTHER brave sea-captain was Captain Lawrence.

He was commander of the ship *Chesapeake*.

He fought bravely with the British ship *Shannon*.

In the midst of the fight, his men saw him stagger and fall.

He was shot, and must soon die.

They carried him tenderly from the deck to the cabin.

“Don’t give up the ship!” he cried to his men.

They took these brave words as their battle-cry.

“Don’t give up the ship!”

This has been a watchword for brave men and women ever since.

When you have something hard to do, struggle with it bravely.



Do not let it conquer you. Say to yourself:—

“Don’t give up the ship!”

This brave Captain Lawrence was fighting in a second war that we had with England.

This is called the “War of 1812.”

There were many famous fights at sea in this war.

The English could not believe that their big ships were beaten.

The news of the first great fight at sea soon came to England. This is what an English paper said about it:—

“On the 19th of August, the United States ship *Constitution* met the King’s ship *Guerriere*.

“The King’s ship, it is said, went down.

“Nothing is impossible! Not even for a man to bite his own nose off!

“But we do not believe — that the King’s ship has gone down.”

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him.

They on board the other ship.

He began the battle again. The British ships were taken by the Americans.

This is the way that Perry sent the news:—

“We have met the enemy, and they are ours.”

pt. 3

Wilson, L.L.W.

History reader for elementary schools.	382
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